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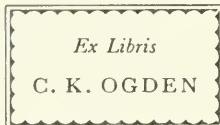


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Some Seventeenth Century

Allusions to Shakespeare

and his Works

Not Hitherto Collected



P. J. and A. E. DOBELL

77 Charing Cross Road

London, W.C.

1920



*George Thomas Dobell*

SOME SEVENTEENTH CENTURY  
ALLUSIONS TO SHAKESPEARE  
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## PREFATORY NOTE

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MANY of the following allusions have been noted in "Notes and Queries," and perhaps elsewhere, but as they do not appear in "The Shakspere Allusion-Book : MCMIX.," it has been thought desirable to print them together.

The compiler is well aware that some of them were, no doubt, directly suggested by the later-seventeenth century perversions of Shakespeare's plays, and that two or three others may possibly not be entitled to be described as Shakespeare allusions at all. No attempt has been made to correct the spelling or punctuation of the various originals, nor has it been considered necessary to analyse or comment upon them. One may, perhaps however, be permitted to point out that on p. 31 will be found part of "Clarence's Dream" adapted to the purposes of a Pindaric ode, and on p. 39 a reference upon a title-page which is earlier by three years than any previously known.



## WILLIAM BARKSTED, 1611.

O loue too sweet, in the digestion sower!

Hiren or The faire Greeke: By William Barksted,  
 . . . London: . . . 1611. [4to]. st. 62.

## W. B., 1633.

and the longer our life is, the more numerous are our sinnes, even whole *Miriades*: and at last comes death, and with a little pin bores through our wall of health, so farewell man.

The Philosophers Banquet. *The Third Edition.*  
 Newly corrected and inlarged to almost as much  
 more. By W. B., Esquire. London: . . . 1633.  
 [8vo]. p. 253.

## JAMES HART, 1633.

And if but an ordinary artist should with a watchfull eye diligently and narrowly observe the ordinary proceeding of such an *Aesculapius*, he should observe him often, . . . to sooth up his patient . . . when notwithstanding this grim Sergeant ceizes on the prisoner without baile or main priece.

KAINIKH, or the Diet of the Diseased. . . . London,  
 . . . 1638. [fol.]. p. 5.

## ANONYMOUS, 1634.

And therefore I conclude, that that content which often-times lodgeth not under a golden-fretted Roofe, may bee found napping under a thacht-pacht Cottage. As that King sometimes in a Poem of his to that purpose wittily complained.

O Sleepe, O gentle sleepe, natures soft nurse  
 How have I frighted thee?  
 That thou wilt no more weigh my eye-lids downe,  
 Nor steepe my senses in forgetfulnesse?  
 Why rather, sleep, lyest thou in smoky cribs  
 Upon uneasie Pallets stretching thee,  
 And husht with buzzing-night-flyes to thy slumber,  
 Then in the perfum'd chābers of the great,  
 Under the Canopies of costly state:  
 And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody.  
 O thou dul god, why lyest thou with the vild  
 In loathsome cribs, and leav'st the Kingly couch  
 A Watch-ease, or a common Larum-bell.  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,  
 Seale up the Ship boyes eyes and rocke his braines  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who takes the ruffian Billowes by the tops,  
 Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them  
 With deafing clamor in the slippery clouds,  
 That with the hurly, Death it selfe awakes:  
 Canst thou, O partiall Sleepe, give them repose  
 In a wet season in an hour so rude,  
 And in the calmest and most stillest place,  
 With all appliances and meanes to boot,  
 Deny it to a King? then happy lowly down  
 Uneasie sits his Robe that weares a Crown.

A Helpe to Discourse: . . . *The Eleventh Edition.*  
 . . . 1634. [8vo]. pp. 51-3.

R. JUNIUS [*i.e.* YOUNG], 1638.

And in regard of others, it were as needlesse, as to lend  
spectacles to Lyneenus, an eye to Argus, or to wast gilding on  
pure Gold.

The Drunkard's Character, . . . London, . . . 1638.  
[8vo]. A 7.

Putrified Lillies smell farre worse than weeds.

*Ibid.* p. 197.

They would speake Dagger points, as *Joab* discoursed with  
*Amasa* in the fift rib.

*Ibid.* p. 399.

So the uxorious husband, at the first idolizeth his wife, no  
noyse must distnrb her, the cold wind must not blow upon  
her.

*Ibid.* p. 425.

It is easie for a mans sinne to live, when himselfe is dead.

*Ibid.* p. 496.

it being as true of malice, as it is of love, that it will  
creepe, where it cannot goe.

*Ibid.* p. 429.

## ANONYMOUS, 1638.

before the King and Queene this yeare of our Lord, 1638.  
At the Coepit the 18th of November, Ceaser.  
At the Coepit the 15th of November, the mery wifes of  
Winsor.

A leafe in MS. reproduced in facsimile in  
“Archæologic and Historic Fragments,” by  
George R. Wright, F.S.A. London. 1887.  
[8vo].

## NATHANAEL RICHARDS, 1641.

He that dares awe his Countrey, King and State,  
Smile, and yet be a villainie.

Poems Sacred and Satyricall, . . . London . . .  
1641. [8vo]. p. 50.

ANONYMOUS, 1643.

And if the Genius of the Land should aske thee, Who hath  
beene so farre mis-led, to suffer the effusion of the bloud of  
his loving and loyall Subjects? What wou'd Conscience say,  
but the King? In the Tragedie of *Richard* the third,  
Questions being put, who had beene seduced to this and that  
execrable deed, Conscience or some Spirit cry'd *Richard*.

A True Discourse Of the King's Majesties Proceedings  
against the Parliament and this Kingdome. . . .  
Printed in the yeare 1643. [4to]. p. 6.

## SIR JOHN SUCKLING, 1646.

Now we have taught our love to know  
That it must creep where it cannot go.

Fragmenta Aurea. A Collection of all the Incomparable Peeces, Written by Sir John Suckling. . . . London, . . . 1646. (8vo).  
p. 46.

Then 'twas the Waters Love that made it flow,  
For Love will creep where well it cannot go.

The Last Remains of Sir John Suckling. London,  
. . . 1659. (8vo). p. 26.

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(It is of course possible that Suckling and Young [p. 3, *ante*] are merely reproducing a commonplace, but the former was undoubtedly an admirer of Shakespeare and the latter provides evidence that he also was, so both may have been thinking of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv., 2, 20.)

## JOHN TAYLOR, 1648.

Yet let none say he's broke or run away,  
But as the wiser call't he did *convey*  
Himselfe into a Church, in policie.

'ΙΗΠΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ, or an Ironicall Expostulation . . .  
1648. [4to]. p. 3.

RICHARD LOVELACE, 1649.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames.

Lucasta . . . 1649. (8vo). p. 97.

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(An imitation of "one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't," Coriolanus, II., i.).

ANONYMOUS, 1651.

Sweating like butter'd Moons stew'd in their grease,  
Bleaching each bush like a Justice of Peace,  
Serjeant or Constable?

The Hue and Cry after those Rambling Protonotaries  
of the Times . . . London, 1651. [4to]. p. 3.

SIR RICHARD FANSIAWE, 1653.

On my word (Cozen) this Piece is *The taming of the Shrew*.

For my Honored Friend and Kinsman, John  
Evelyn Esq.

(Dated Tankersley, 27 Dec., 1653.)

Prefixed to An Essay on the First Book of T.  
Lucretius Carus . . . Interpreted and made  
English by J. Evelyn Esq. . . . London: . . .  
1656. [8vo]. p. 7.

### RICHARD FLECKNOE, 1653.

From thence passing on to Black-fryers, and seeing never a *Play-bil* on the Gate, no Coaches on the place, nor *Doorkeeper* at the *Play-house* door, with his *Boxe* like a *Church-warden*, desiring you to remember the poor *Players*, I cannot but say for *Epilogue* to all the Playes were ever acted there :

*Poor House, that in dayes of our Grand-sires  
Belongst unto the mendiant Fryers :  
And where so oft in our Fathers dayes  
We have seen so many of Shakspears Playes.*

A whimzey written from beyond seas, about the end of the year, 52, to a Friend lately returned into England.

Miscellania, or Poems of all sorts with divers other Pieces. Written by Richard Fleckno. . . . London, Printed by T. R. for the Author, M.D.C.LIII. [8vo]. pp. 141, 2.

### RICHARD WHITLOCK, 1654.

Nor can any poore Reason but assentingly pronounce, since mans *inventions* have brought him to this sad *loss*, that his *speculations* are but a *comedy of Errors*, and his *Implications* *Much ado about Nothing* (to borrow our *Comedians titles*) that the worlds *busy man* is the *Grand Impertinent*.

ZNOTOMIA, or Observations on the Present Manners of the English: . . . London, . . . 1654. [8vo]. p. 318.

## JOHN TOMKINS, 1655.

Though Wit as precious every Scene doth hold,  
 As Shakespeare's Lease (? Leaf) or Johnson's massy Gold,  
 Though thou with swelling Canvas sail beyond  
*Hercules Pillars, Fletcher and Beaumont.*

Before "Dia Poemata: . . . by E. E. . . . Printed  
 in the year, 1655." [8vo].

## RICHARD FLECKNOE, 1656.

This man but ill advised had been,  
 'Mongst other monsters he was not seen:  
 For pence apiece there in the faire  
 Had put down all the Monsters there,  
 Who Sir John Falstaff made an asse on  
 And of Goodman Puff of Barson.

The Diarium, or Journal: . . . London, . . . 1656.  
 [8vo]. p. 45.

The—s humour, and resolute way of wooing, when he is  
 in King Cambyses vain . . .

*Ibid.* p. 97.

A Lover (such an one as Simple in love with Mrs. Anne  
 Page) . . .

*Ibid.* p. 103.

SIR ASTON COKAIN, 1658.  
The First Eglogue.

Stre. He is an able Lad indeed, and likes  
*Arcalian Pastorals*, and (willing) strikes  
A Plaudite to th' Epilogues of those  
Happy Inventions *Shaksphere* did compose;

Small Poems of Divers Sorts . . . 1658. [8vo].  
p. 27.

On the death of my very good Friend Mr. Michael Drayton.  
You *Swans* of *Avon*, change your fates, and all  
Sing, and then die at *Drayton's* Funeral:  
Sure shortly there will not a drop be seen,  
And the smooth-pebbled Bottom be turn'd green,  
When the Nymphes (that inhabit in it) have  
(As they did *Shakespear*) wept thee to thy grave.

*Ibid.* p. 67.

EDWARD PHILLIPS, 1658.

There will be occasion to peruse the works of our ancient Poets, as *Geffry Chancer* the greatest in his time, for the honour of our Nation; as also some of our more Modern Poets, as *Spencer*, *Sidny*, *Draiton*, *Daniel*, with our Reformers of the Scene, *Johnson*, *Shakespear*, *Beaumont*, and *Fletcher* . . .

The New World of English Words: London . . .  
1658. [fol.]. a3 *verso*.

## ANONYMOUS, 1659.

The Players have a Play, where they bring in a Tinker, and make him believe himself a Lord, and when they have satisfied their humour, they made him a plain Tinker again ; Gentlemen, but that this was a great while agoe, I should have thought this Play had been made of me : for if ever two cases were alike, 'tis the *Tinkers* and mine.

The Lord Henry Cromwel's Speach in the House . . .  
Printed, Auno Dom . . . 1659. [4to]. p. 5.

## PETER HEYLYN AND THOMAS FULLER, 1659.

## DR. HEYLYN.

. . . like Sir *John Falstaffe* in the Play, who to shew his Valour, must thrust his sword into the Bodies of those men which were dead before.

## FULLER.

The Animadvertor hath wronged me, and the Comedian hath wronged Sir *John Falstaffe*. He was a valiant Knight, famous for his Atcheivements in *France*, made (as the *History of St. George* testifieth) Knight of the Garter by King *Henry the Sixth*, and one who disdained to violate the Concernments of the Dead.

The Appeal of Iniured Innocence : . . . London,  
. . . 1659. [fol.]. Part I. p. 62.

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(The passage quoted from Heylyn occurs in his *Examen Historicum*.)

## HENRY BOLD, 1660.

Jack Falstaffe vildly did abate,  
 But never surely, at the rate  
 That I have done, since action last  
 I've no man's length of life i'th waste.

Choyce Poems, being Songs, Sonnets, Satyrs and  
 Elegies, by the Wits of both Universities.  
 London, . . . 1661. [8vo]. p. 9.

The piece from which these lines are quoted is dated  
 at the end, March 27, 1660.

NAT. WILDOE (*pseud.*), 1661.

Beat me this Buckram Rogue, *Falstaffe*, to seven,  
 Nay, if thou wilt, beat him into eleven.

Doctor Cooper at Work upon Dauncey's Bones. And  
 Cook licking his Fingers after his *Dose* and *Pill*.  
 London. Printed for the Author, 1661. A fol.  
 Broadside.

## FRANCIS KIRKMAN, 1662.

And yet our modesty will make us vail  
 To worthy *Sidney*, nor can we bear sail  
 Against these fam'd Dramaticks, one past age  
 Was blest with *Johnson*, who so grac't the stage,  
 The thrice renowned *Shakespear*, and the rare  
 Ingenuous *Fletcher*. These past envy are  
 Much more past imitation only we  
 Would second be o' th' first, last of the three.

*The Bookseller to the Reader.*

The English Lovers: . . . By the accurate Pen of  
*I. D. Gent.* London . . . 1662. [8vo].

## ANONYMOUS, 1663.

whereupon Mr. *Greenhil* held forth upon those words of the eighth Psalm (*Out of the mouth of Babes and Sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightst still the Enemy and the Avenger:*) Out of Mr. *Mead's Diatriba*, three quarters of an hour by *Shrewsbury-Clock*, as Sir *John Falstaffe* speaks, in the third of *Edward the fourth* and the fifteenth.

Cabala, or an Impartial Account of the Non-Conformists Private Designs, . . . London, printed in the year M.D.C.LXIII. [4to].  
 pp. 7-8.

## HENRY BOLD, 1664.

*Jack urg'd me to 't I made not any word,  
Disliking Bardolph's Edge of peuny Cord,  
And vile reproach.*

Poems Lyrique Macaronique Heroique, &c., by Henry Bold . . . London, . . . 1664. [8vo]. p. 137.

Here lies curst *Webb*, who living, spun though short,  
So fair a thread, a Halter Choakt him for't,  
For *Bardolph's* like 'twas cut with vile reproaches  
And Edge of Penuy-Cord—so Bonas noches !

*Ibid.* p. 191.

## ANONYMOUS, 1664.

*Merry Devil of Then Smug and Bessus, Faulstaff and the rout  
Edmuntion.*

*Henry 4.* Broke from thy Lips, to make us face about:  
*The Humorous Lieutenant.* Blind in our haste, will *Bessus* run away?

*More of Venice.* Yet in the mouth of danger get the day;  
And thy *Lieutenant* in his *Drink-mal-fight*  
To gain those Trophies which was but thy  
right.

O! but *Iago*, when we think on thee,  
Not to applaud thy vice of Flattery:  
Yet must that Part never in our thoughts dye,  
Since thou didst Act, not mean that Subtilly:

An Egley (*sic*) Upon the Most Execrable Murther of  
Mr. Clun . . . who was Rob'd and most  
inhumanely Kill'd on . . . 2nd of August, 1664  
. . . fol. Broadside.

## RICHARD FLECKNOE, 1668.

Nay even Shakespear, whom he thought to have found  
his greatest Friend, was as much offended with him as any of  
the rest, for so spoiling and mangling of his Plays.

Sr. William Davenant's Voyage to the Other World  
. . . 1668. [8vo]. pp. 8-9.

## ANONYMOUS (1668).

Imagine him eneircled in a Sphere  
 Of those Great Souls who once admir'd him here :  
 First, *Johnson* doth demand a share in him,  
 For both their Muses whip'd the vice of time :  
 Then *Shakespear* next a Brothers part doth claim,  
 Beeause their quick Inventions were the same.

An Elegy upon the Death of Sr. William Davenant.  
 A small fol. Broadside, without place, date or  
 printer's name.

## ANONYMOUS, 1673.

Thus was he [Dryden] (forsooth) taken to Task, Postponed, and there Lash'd on both sides by the two, too unkind Universities, *Oxford* first taking him up, while his Mother *Cambridge* Chastised him severely . . . and next for abusing his Grandsire *Shakespeare*, and Father *Ben*, and being very sawey with others of his Elders.

Raillerie a La Mode Consider'd : or the Supercilious Detractor. . . . London . . . M.D.C.LXXIII.  
 [8vo]. pp. 25-6.

ANONYMOUS, 1673.

Now empty shows must want of sense supply,  
Angels shall dance and *Macbeth's* Witches fly :

Epilogue to The Ordinary. A Collection of Poems  
written upon several Occasions By several  
Persons. London, 1673. [8vo]. p. 167.

## HON. EDWARD HOWARD, 1673.

The witty *Fletcher*, and Elaborate *Ben*,  
 And *Shakespeare*, had the first Dramatique Pen : . . .  
 In most of their admired Scenes we prove,  
 Their Business or their Passion turns to Love.

Poems, And Essays : . . . By a Gentleman of Quality  
 . . . London, . . . 1673. [8vo]. p. 13.

Thus *Johnson's* Wit we still admire,  
 With *Beaumont*, *Fletcher's* lasting fire :  
 And mighty *Shakespear's* nimble vein,  
 Whose haste we only now complain.  
 His Muse first post was fain to go,  
 That first from him we Plays might know.

*Ibid.* p. 66.

*Shakespear*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher* and *Johnson*, must be nothing with them, though such majestick strength of Wit and Judge-  
 ment is due to their Dramatique pieces.

*Ibid.* Miscellanies. p. 24.

*Ben Johnson* said of *Shakespear's* Works, that where he made one blot, he wish'd he had made a thousand :

*Ibid.* p. 81.

## C. B. (1673?).

who shall play *Stephano* now? your Tempest's gone,  
To raise new Storms i' th' hearts of every one.

An Elegy Upon that Incomparable *Comedian*, Mr.  
Edward Angell, Written by C. B. A small fol.  
broadside, no place, date, or printer's name.

## C. F., 1674.

*An Epitaph on a merry Wife of Windsor, that died of the Stone in her Bladder.*

Wit at a Venture: or, Clio's Privy-Garden, . . .  
London, . . . 1674. [8vo]. p. 21.

ANONYMOUS, 1675.

A Neighbour did say,  
 She'd an excellent way  
 To enrich bad Land that is spent :  
 So much wou'd she sweat,  
 As she walkt with heat,  
 To Lard the Lean Earth as she went.

Mock Songs and Joking Poems all Novel : . . . by  
 the Author of Westminster Drollery. London,  
 . . . 1675. [8vo]. p. 19.

R. WHITCOMBE, 1678.

Sometimes to look, my Faney did incline,  
 In the dark backward, and abiss of time ;

Janua Divorum : Or the Lives and Histories Of The  
 Heathen Gods, Goddesses, & Demi-Gods. . . .  
 London, . . . 1678. (8vo). p. 14.

## SAMUEL BUTLER, 1678.

I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,  
And th' Under-witch his *Caliban*,

Hudibras. The Third and last Part. Written by  
the Author Of the First and Second Parts.  
London, . . . 1678. [8vo]. Canto I., ll.,  
281-2.

## PETER PARKER, 1678.

Books Printed for and sould by Peter Parker, at the *Leg*  
and *Star*, right against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*.

The Rape of *Lucrece*, committed by *Tarquin* the sixth, and  
the remarkable judgements that befell him for it, by that  
incomparable master of our *English Poetry*, *Will Shakespear*,  
8°.

This Catalogue is found at the end of Hudibras. The  
Third and last Part. 1678. [8vo].

## WILLIAM WINSTANLEY, 1678.

Many wounds may be now received by Loves Dualists, some stabb'd dead with a white wenches black eye ; others run through the ear with a Love-song ; and some others, the very pin of their heart cleft with the blind Bow-boyes But-shaft.

Poor Robin, 1678. An Almanack After a New Fashion. . . . London, . . . [8vo]. Observations on October.

All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but only blind men ; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery : but the Gowt galls the one, and the Pox pinches the other. Horses are tyed by the heads, Dogs and Bears by the neck, Monkies by the loins, and men by the legs, but he that is tyed in a matrimonial noose to a scold, had as good be tyed up from his meat at the three corner'd Tenement betwixt *London* and *Paddington*.

*Ibid.* Observations on November.

so that we shall now have every thing fit, and (as the Comedian hath it) as fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Atturney, as your French Crown for your Taffety Punk, as *Tibs* Rush for Toms forefinger, as a Pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the Nail to his hole, the Cuckold to his horn, as a scolding Quean to a wrangling Knave, as the Nums lip to the Fryers mouth, or as the pudding to his skin.

*Ibid.* C 2.

The great Mathematician and Philosopher *Andrew Argol* makes this Eclipse to fall just in the Dragons Tayl ; which if true, then says our famous Astronomer *William Shakespeare*, those that are born under the effects of this Eclipse will be rough and lecherous : This is the excellent Foppery of the World, that when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeits of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters the Sun, the Moon and Stars, as if we were Villains on necessity, Fools by heavenly compulsion, Knaves, Thieves and treacherous by spherical predominance and Planetary influence :

*Ibid.* C 3.

There are persons which hate the day, wishing the Hours thereof were Cups of Sack, the minutes Capons, Clocks the tongues of Bawds, Dials the signs of Leaping Houses, and the Sun himself a fair hot wench in flame coloured taffata : these must be stiled Squires of the Nights body. *Diana's* Foresters, Gentlemen of the shade, and Minions of the moon, for the fortune of these moons men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is by the Moon ; sometimes in a low Ebb at the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow at the ridge of the Gallows.

*Ibid.* C 4 *verso.*

When the heart is merry with a Cup of Sherry, they  
sing *down derry*, as the Comedian hath it,

Be merry, be merry, my Gallants all,  
For women are Shrews both short and tall ;  
'Tis merry in Hall when beards wagg all :  
A Cup of wine that's brisk and fine,  
Doth make our hearts full merry, &c.

*Ibid. C 5 verso.*

ANONYMOUS, 1679.

Such noise, such stink, such smoke there was, you'd swear  
The *Tempest* surely had been acted there.  
The eryes of star-board, Lar-board, cheerly boys,  
Is but as demy rattles to this noise,

The Country Club. A Poem. London: . . . 1679.  
[4to]. p. 2.

## WILLIAM WINSTANLEY, 1680.

The weather makes us blow our nails,  
And milk comes frozen home in pails.

Poor Robin, 1680. An Almanack After a New  
Fashion. [8vo]. A 4 *verso*.

## THOMAS SHADWELL, 1680.

*Fool.* But for all that, Shakespear's Fools had more wit  
than any of the Wits and Criticks now-a days.

The Woman-Captain . . . 1680. [4to]. Act I.,  
sc. i.

## ANONYMOUS, 1681.

*Jest.* Well so much by the way of *Query*, honest Brother  
*Earnest*, I have appointed an assignation with the merry  
Wives of *Winulsoe*, and therefore beg your pardon.

Heraclitus Ridens: Or *A Dialogue between Jest and Earnest, concerning the Times*. Numb. 3, Feb.  
15, 1681. fol.

ANONYMOUS, 1681.

*Ned.* But prithee *Wil.* tell me now, what wou'dst thou have a body do? Suppose now that *La:arello* of *Tormes* and the Knight of the Oracle should take their Corpulent *Oaths* before Mr. *Brushum*, That seven Pilgrims in Buckram, with every one a brown Bill in his Pocket, knock'd thee (or say me) i' th' head yester-evening about six a clock (or say between six and seven, to be sure) should either thou or I (think'st thou) be such wicked profligate Unbelievers, as to give no credit to the *Evidence* especially since in such Cases (as Gaffer *Whisker* the Constable tells us) they swear for the King?

The Swearing-Master; Or A Conference Between two Country-Fellows Concerning the Times. London: . . . 1681. two leaves, sm. fol. p. 4.

ANONYMOUS, 1681.

Our *English* writers are all Transmigrate  
In Pamphlet penners and diurnal Scribes,  
Wanton Comedians and foul Gypsy Tribes,  
Not like those brave Heroick sublime strains  
That wrote the Cesars and their noble Reigns,  
Nor like those learned Poets so divine  
That penn'd *Mackduff*, and famous *Cataline*.

The Character Of Wits Squint-Ey'd Maid, Pasquil-Makers. London . . . 1681. Broadside fol.

EDMUND HICKERINGILL, 1682.

*Fight on Macduff,*

And let him fall that first says, *Hold! enough.*

*Scandalum Magnum;* Or the Great Trial at Chelmsford Assizes, . . . 1682. fol. p. 32.

The scabbard's thrown away—Come on *Macduff,*  
And *Coward he* that first says—*Hold! enough.*

*Ibid.*

ANONYMOUS, 1682.

Then waking (like the Tinker in the Play)  
She finds the golden Vision fled away.

Prologue. Written by a Friend. Ravenscroft's The London Cuckolds. [4to]. 1682.

THOMAS DURFEY, 1682.

Sir *Char.* . . . Oh! may I feed on Grass, Roots, Berries,  
Acorns; drink the green puddle of the standing Poole;

The Royalist . . . London. [4to]. 1682. p. 16.

## THOMAS DURFEY, 1682.

If no one were to write Dramaticks, unless they could equall the Immortal Johnson and Shakespear; or Heroicks, unless they stood Competitors with the Incomparable Cowley or Dryden; I fear the Town would lose the diversion both of Plays and Poems.

Butler's Ghost : or, Hudibras, the Fourth Part, . . .  
1682. [8vo]. The Preface. A 3 *verso*.

Like thee (the owl) to Corners dark we range,  
And to thy shape are often chang'd.  
Instead of Knights, renown'd for Slaughter,  
As thou wert once to Baker's Daughter.

*Ibid.* p. 22.

For as a Christian Merchant drew,  
And seal'd a Bond once to a Jew,  
A Pound of Flesh should th' Forfeit pay,  
If he did fail, and break his Day:  
Which happening, and th' Infidel  
To weigh the Flesh had fetcht a Scale,  
The Merchant cries, your Bond is good  
For Flesh, but not one drop of Blood;  
If thou spills't that, thou murder'st me,  
And then the Law takes hold on thee.

*Ibid.* pp. 36-7.

ANONYMOUS, 1683.

and wherever they shall for the future happen to come, I doubt not but they will make good that of the incomparable Shakespear ;

Not Marble, nor the gilded Monument  
 Of Princes shall out-live this powerful Line ;  
 But you shall shine more bright in this Content,  
 Than dusty Trophies soil'd with sluttish time.  
 'Gainst Death and all oblivious Eunmity,  
 Still shall you live, your Praise shall still find room  
 Ev'n in the Eyes of all Posterity ;  
 Were this frail World sunk to its final Doom.  
 So till in Judgment you again shall rise,  
 You live in this, and dwell in Lovers Eyes.

Eromena ; Or, The Noble Stranger. A Novel. London, . . . 1683. [8vo]. From the Dedication.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE, 1683.

But *Falstaff* I find was much in the *Right*, in his *Exclamation* [*There's no Faith in Villainous Man.*]

The Observator. Numb. 414. Wednesday, October 3, 1683. fol.

ANONYMOUS, 1684.

And tell each *Spartan* to his face,  
 They are all degenerate and base:  
 That those who us'd to fight with Half-staff,  
 Are dwindl'd now into a *Falstaff*.

The Scoffer Scoffed, The Second Part . . . London,  
 . . . 1684. fol. p. 8.

HENRY BOLD, 1685.

New-gates black Dog or Pistols Island Cur  
 Was probably this Sire's Progenitor.

Latine Songs, With their English : and Poems. By  
*Henry Bold*, . . . 1685. [8vo]. The piece  
 from which the above couplet is quoted was  
 written before 1660.

ANONYMOUS, 1685.

But after All that *Art* can *Here* Bestow,  
They shall *Perfumes* upon the *Violets* strew ;  
They *Guild Refined-Gold* with Care and Pain.

An Elegy upon His late Majesty (of Blessed Memory)  
King Charles the Second : London, . . .  
MDCLXXX<sup>IV</sup><sub>V</sub>. fol. broadside.

C. CLEEVE, 1685.

For scatter'd o'er the Bottom of the Deep,

Lay Anchors, Helmets, shatter'd Bones,  
Lay Heaps of Jewels, and unvalued Stones ;  
Some were lodg'd in dead Men's Skulls,  
And in the self-same Holes,  
Where Eyes of old did dwell with their Enlivening  
Beams,  
There were hid reflecting Gems.

The Songs Of *Moses* and *Deborah* Paraphras'd, with  
Poems On several Occasions . . . London . . .  
MDCLXXXV. [8vo]. p. 2.

## HENRY HIGDEN, 1686.

If to divert his Pangs he try  
 Choicē musick, mirth or Company,  
 Like *Bancoe's Ghost*, his ugly Sin,  
 To marr his Jollity, stalks in.

A Modern Essay On the Thirteenth Satyr of Juvenal  
 . . . London, 1686. [4to]. p. 45.

Bath'd in cold Sweats he frighted Shreiks  
 At visions bloodier than King *Dicks*.

*Ibid.* p. 47.

*Bancoes Ghost.* In the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, where the coming in of the Ghost disturbs and interrupts the Entertainment.

*Vision Dicks.* In the Tragedy of *Richard the 3rd*.

*Ibid.* Author's notes.

## THOMAS DURFEY, 1688.

*Lyon.* A Horse ; a Horse ; my Kingdom for a Horse :

The Fool's Preferment, Or, The Three Dukes of Dunstable . . . 1688. [4to]. p. 43.

ANONYMOUS, 1688.

'Tis time to cry out, God bless poor sinful Women, when  
Sack and Sugar comes to be a Crime.

The Pleasures Of Matrimony, Intermixed with  
Variety of Merry and Delightful Stories . . .  
London, . . . 1688. [8vo]. p. 140.

NATHANIEL LEE, 1689.

Pol. To your Husband, to your Head, to your Lord and  
Master, you will not Goodey *Bathsheba*, but you cou'd stoop  
your swines Flesh last night you cou'd to your Rank Bravado,  
that wou'd have struck his Tusks in my Guts ; he had you  
with a Beck, a snort, nay o' my Conscience thou wou'dst not  
have given him time to speak, but hunch'd him on the side  
like a full Acorn'd Boar, cry'd Oh ! and mounted——

The Princess of Cleve, 1689. [4to]. Aet. V., sc. i.

## ANONYMOUS, 1690.

Leu (casia) . . . it seem'd to me as preposterous as to see the Bear making Love to the Gentlewoman with the Bears face, or the woman in *Shakespeare*, kissing the fellow with the Asses-head.

The Folly of Priest-Craft. A Comedy. London, . . .  
1690. [4to]. p. 18.

## THOMAS DURFEY, 1690.

He saw each Box with Beauty crown'd,  
And Pictures deck the Structure round ;  
*Ben, Shakespear*, and the learned Rout,  
With noses some, and some without.

Collin's Walk through London and Westminster.  
. . . London, . . . 1690. [8vo]. p. 149.

## THOMAS DURFEY, 1691.

The Age grows more poignant every day than other ; and as immortal *Shakespear* says, the Toe of the Peasant treads so near the Heel of the Courtier, that it galls his Kibe.

Bussy D'Ambois, . . . London, . . . 1691. (4to).  
Dedication. A 2 *verso*.

## ANONYMOUS, 1691.

To tell you the truth, as Mr. *Dryden* sacrifices a *Bussy d'Ambois* to the memory of *Ben Johnson*, I sacrifice one of these yearly to the memory of *Shakespear*, *Butler*, and *Oldham*.

Wit for Money : . . . 1691. [4to]. p. 4.

Even so, witness his laying violent hands on *Shakespear* and *Fletcher*, whose plays he hath altered so much for the worse, like the Persecutors of Old, killing their living Beauties by joining them to his dead lameless Deformities.

*Ibid.* p. 10.

## THOMAS DURFEY, 1692.

L. *Brain.* A Player, ha ha ha, why now you Rave,  
Madam,—

*Darewel.* Thou canst witness the contrary of that, thou toldst me her Breeding was such, that she had been familiar with Kings and Queens.

*Darew.* Ay my Lord in the Play-house, I told ye she was a High Flyer too, that is, I have seen her upon a Machine in the *Tempest*.

L. *Brain.* In the *Tempest*, why then I suppose I may seek her fortune in the *enchanted Island*.

The Marriage-Hater Match'd: . . . London, . . .  
1692. [4to]. p. 50.

## ANONYMOUS, 1692.

*P. P.* . . . I heard she was damnably netled, but that's all one, then let the stricken Dear go weep, as *Hamlet* says ;

*Poeta Infamis : Or, a Poet not worth Hanging. Being A Dialogue between Lysander Valentine and Poet Pricket . . . London : . . . 1692.* [4to]. p. 9.

*Val.* Prithee, why dost thou not turn Actor, thou mightst supply the Stage both ways, like a *Shakespear*, a *Batterton*, or a *Mountford* ;

*Ibid.* p. 13.

## THOMAS DURFEY, 1693.

*Holsp.* Peat, peat, peat ! What a Plague can any one above the Degree of a Kitchin, love a Fellow that makes Fritters of *English*, as *Falstaffe* says ?

*The Richmond Heiress . . . London, . . . 1693.*  
[4to]. p. 7.

## JAMES WRIGHT, 1694.

But I beseech you Gentlemen, how comes this unmodish Opinion in you, against the Plays in Fashion? I'll tell you, continued *Lisander*, methinks they have neether the Wit, Conduct, Honour, nor Design of those writ by *Johnson*, *Shakspear*, and *Fletcher*.

Country Conversations : Being an Account of some Discourses . . . Cheaply Of the Modern Comedies, . . . London, . . . 1693. [8vo]. p. 3.

The Applause that is given them proves, as the Common Phrase is, but a Nine Days Wonder. Whereas there is hardly a scene in *Shakspeare* (tho he writ near 100 years since) but we have it still in Admiration, for the Vivacity of the Wit, the Justness of the Character, and the True, Natural, and Proper Expression.

*Ibid.* p. 4.

Whereupon *Julio*, in a long Discourse, produced out of Ben. *Johnson*, *Shakspear*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Messenger*, *Shirley*, and Sir *William Davenant*, before the Wars, and some Comedies of Mr. *Drydens*, since the Restauration, many Characters of Gentlemen, of a quite different Strain from those in the Modern Plays.

*Ibid.* p. 16.

ANONYMOUS, 1694.

In *Shakespear* read the Reason mixt with Rage,  
 When *Brutus* with fiercee *Cassius* does engage  
 In loud Expostulations in the Tent,  
 The heights of Passion, Turns, and the Descent  
 Observe, and what th' art likely to despise,  
 Is that in which th' Excellence chiefly lies.

Innocui Sales. A Collection Of New Epigrams.  
 Vol. I. . . . London, . . . 1694. [8vo]. p. 16.

ANONYMOUS, 1695.

Give Sorrow words, the Grief that does not speak  
 Whispers the o're-charg'd Heart, and bids it break.

Shakespear.

On the title-page of *Urania. A Funeral Elegy.*  
 [on the death of Queen Mary]. 1695. [4to].

## JOHN OLDMIXON, 1696.

Pity me *Sergeant*, I'm undone,  
 To-morrow comes my Tryal on;  
*R—r* comes out and you will see  
 With the same Cannon he will roar,  
 Which maul'd poor *Shakespear* heretofore.

Poems on Several Occasions . . . London. . . .  
 1696. [8vo]. p. 57.

## T. BROWN, 1697.

May he lock you up from the sight of all Mankind, and leave you nothing but your ill Conscience to keep you company, till at last between his penurious allowance and the sense of your own guilt, you make so terrible a figure, that the worst Witch in Mackbeth would seem an Angel to you.

Familiar Letters: . . . 1697. [8vo]. p. 170.

## EDWARD FILMER, 1698.

How often is the good Actor (as for Instance, the *Iago* in the *Moor of Venice*, or the Countess of *Notingham* in the Earl of *Essex*) little less than Curst for Acting an Ill Part?

A Defence Of Dramatick Poetry : Being A Review  
Of Mr. Colliers View . . . London : . . . 1698.  
[8vo]. p. 72.

Thus we pity *Timon of Athens*, not as the Libertine nor Prodigal, but the *Misanthropos* : When his Manly and Generous Indignation against the Universal *Ingratitude* of Mankind makes him leave the World and fly the Society of Man ; when his open'd Eyes and recollected Virtue can stand the Temptation of a Treasure be found in the Woods, enough to purchase his own Estate again : When all this glittering Mine of Gold has not Charm to bribe him back into a hated World, to the Society of *Villains, Hypocrites, and Flatterers*.

*Ibid.* p. 73.

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[The second quotation refers primarily to Shadwell's play].

## EDWARD FILMER, 1698.

'Tis true the Name of *God* may sometimes but rarely be used, as for instance by *Cardinal Woolsey* after his disgrace, in the Play of *Henry the Eighth*.

Had I but served my God with half that Zeal  
I serv'd my King, he would not in my Age  
Have left me Naked to my Enemies.

But here both the Solemnness of the Occasion, and these the Express words of *Woolsey*, taken from the Chronicle, excuse this Liberty.

A Farther Defence of Dramatick Poetry : Being the  
Second Part of the Review of Mr. Colliers View  
. . . London : . . . 1698. [8vo]. p. 51.

'Tis true, Here is Swearing by way or all of the Three Persons in the Godhead, or speaking, or using their Holy Names, *viz. Jestingly or Profanely* (so that *Cardinal Woolsey's* Naming of God, as mentioned before, falls not under this Premunire) is expressly forbidden by this Act.

*Ibid.* p. 57.

## THOMAS DURFEY, 1698.

A little while after, at the usual rate of his own accustom'd civility, he falls upon the *Renown'd Shakespear*, and says, he is so guilty, that he is not fit to make an Evidence. Why now if 't were possible for his Complexion to blush, there's ne're a Robe of any Friend Cardinal the Absolver has at *Rome*, that can be redder than his would be for such a Position: Nor does it end here, but is mixt with some more foolish and insolent Remarks in another place, upon the admirable Tragedy of *Hamlet*. And here he has no other way to shew his malice, but by ridiculously quibbling upon the prettiest Character in it, the innocent young Virgin *Ophelia*, who, because the Poet makes her run mad for the death of her Father, and loss of her Lover, and consequently makes her sing and speak some idle extravagant things, as on such an occasion is natural, and at last drown her self, he very masterly tells us, the Poet, *since he was resolv'd to drown her like a Kitten, should have set her a swimming a little sooner; to keep her alive, only to sully her Reputation, is very cruel.* Yes, but I would fain ask Doctor Absolution in what she has sullied her Reputation, I am sure five hundred Audiences that have view'd her could never find it out, tho he has; but the Absolver can't help being positive and partial to his own humour, tho he were to be hang'd, as the Lady was drown'd, for he is very angry in another place with the aforesaid Author, for making Sir Hugh Evens (*sic*) in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, a silly, eating, chattering Welch Priest, but vindicates and speaks well of Sir John, *Parson of Wrotham, in the History of Sir John Oldcastle*; tho he swears, games, wenches, pads, tilts and drinks, and does things which our Reformers Guts are ready to come up at another time, only, forsooth, because

he is stout ; but 'tis indeed only because he is a *Parson*, and sullen, which he thinks wise, for he cannot endure that Copyhold should be touch'd, as you may see more plainly a little further, where he says in *Loves Labour Lost*, the Curate plays the fool egregiously ; and so does the Poet too : there he clenches the Nail, there he gives *Shakespear* a bold stroke, there obstinacy and malice appear in true colours : And yet if a parcel of the ones Plays, were set up by way of Auction against t'others *Sermons and Essays* ; nay, tho the Loyal and Politick *Desertion discuss'd* was thrown in to boot, I know not what the Grave would do, but I am sure the wise would quickly find [the] difference. And yet to Remark him nicely, this humour of railing is only where the Poets do not suit with his design ; for in another place you'll find this same *Shakespear*, that was before too guilty to make an Evidence, a very civil person now ; for the Reformer is troubl'd with Fits, you must know, disturbances i' th' brain, which makes him forget one hour what he rails at another, for here now *Shakespear's Falstaff* is call'd the admir'd, because he is to serve his turn. And that the Poet was not so partial as to let his humour compound for his lewdness, but punishes him at last, tho he makes him all his life time a damnable smutty fellow.

The Campaigners : . . . London, . . . 1698. [4to].  
*Preface.* pp. 9-10.

And I hope I shall live to see the Master of Art have Modesty enough to thank me for 't ; or else (for my fancy wou'd fain oblige him if it cou'd) to make it more *German* to the matter, as *Shakespear* has it, to call 'em *Colliers* would be as significant as any thing ;

*Ibid.* p. 11.

*Ben Johnson* found out *Ananias* and *Rabby Buisy*, *Fletcher*, *Hypocritical Roger*, *Shakespear*, *Sir John of Wrotham* ;

*Ibid.* p. 14.

ANONYMOUS, 1699.

Then when we have mix'd all these noble ingredients, which, generally speaking, are as bad as those the Witches in *Mackbeth* jumble in the Caldron together to make a Charm, we fall too Contentedly, and sport off an afternoon.

A Collection Of Miscellany Poems, Letters, etc., By  
Mr. Brown, etc. . . . London, . . . 1699.  
[8vo]. p. 318.

I can answer for no body's palat but my own : and cannot help saying with the fat Knight in Henry the Fourth If sack and sugar is a sin, the Lord have mercy on the wicked.

*Ibid.* p. 327.

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(The letter containing the two passages above is dated “June 2, 92.”)

Even that Pink of Courtesie, Sir *John Falstaff* in the Play, who never was a niggard of his lungs, yet wou'd not answer one word when the *Must* was put upon him. *Were Reasons*, says that affable Knight, *as cheap as Black-berries I wou'd not give you one upon compulsion*, which is but another word for *Duty*.

*Ibid.* p. 338.

## ANONYMOUS, 1699.

'Tis true Life is more supportable this morning, then yesterday: For, if Hamlet had not been murther'd at the Play-house last night, I had been worse then dead to Day.

Familiar Letters : Vol. II. Containing Thirty Six Letters, By the Right Honourable John, late Earl of Rochester . . . London . . . 1699. [8vo]. p. 116.

## EDWARD WARD, 1699.

and made my Hair stand as Bolt upright, as the Quills of an angry *Porcupine*.

The London Spy. For the Month Of May, 1699.  
Part VII. London, . . . 1699. (fol.) p. 15.

## EDWARD WARD, 1700.

Then having a second Summons to depart we quitted the Bar, and dispens'd some loose Corns to the Prisoners to drink our Healths, and likewise one to the Reverend Doctor : took leave of our Friend, and departed well satisfied with the Sight and Intrigues of *Lulgate*, which I shall conclude with a saying of *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmark*.

Then let the stricken Deer go Weep,  
The Hart Ungall'd go Play ;  
For some must Watch, while some do Sleep,  
Thus runs the World away.

The Metamorphos'd Beau: Or, The Intrigues of Lud-gate. London, . . . 1700. [fol.] p. 16.

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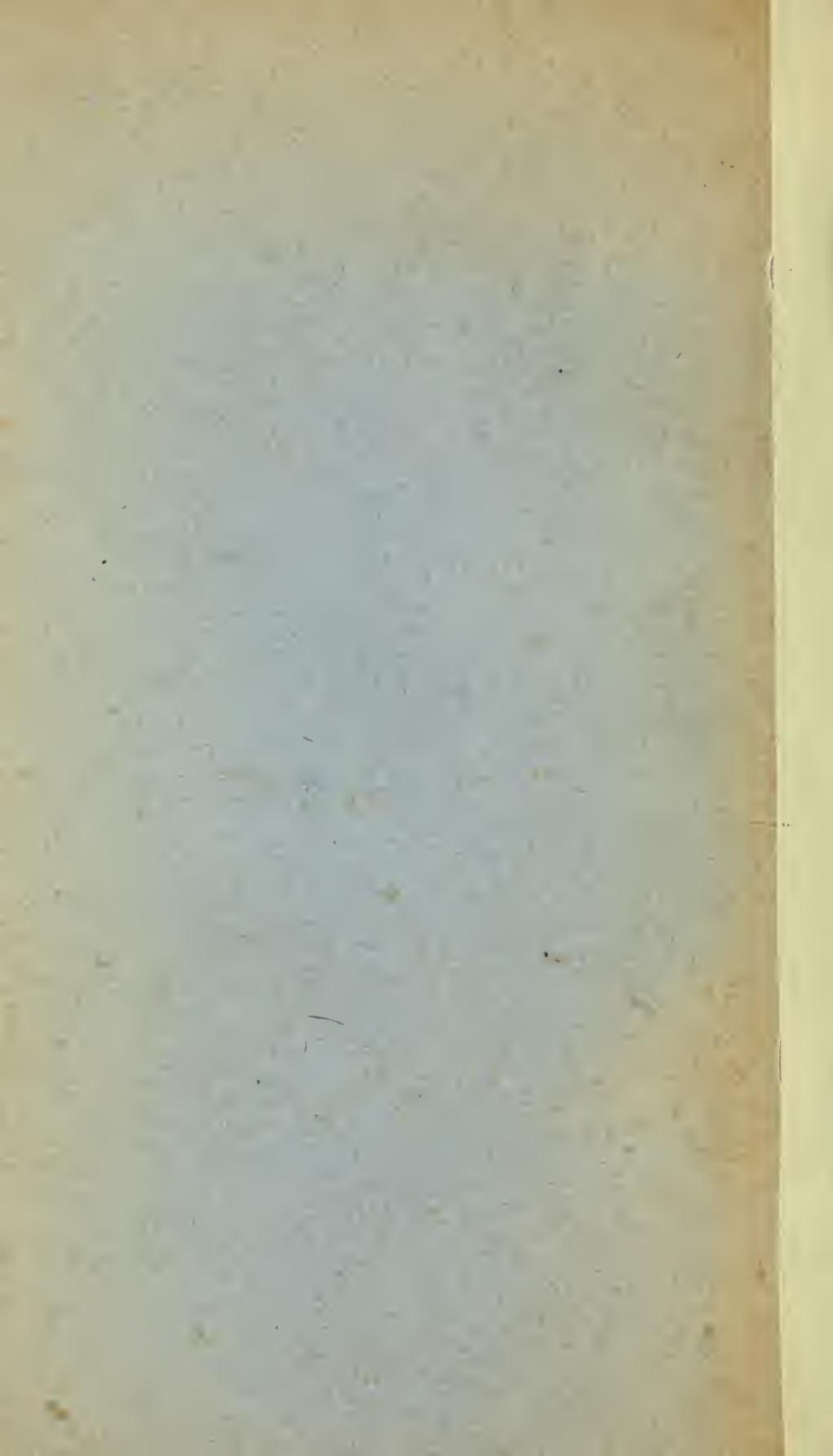
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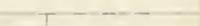




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